

# STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No.157

24p



*The craft was alien and huge, the crew brutal and bloodthirsty. . . and they sought out Earthmen to repair the most murderous machine of all—*

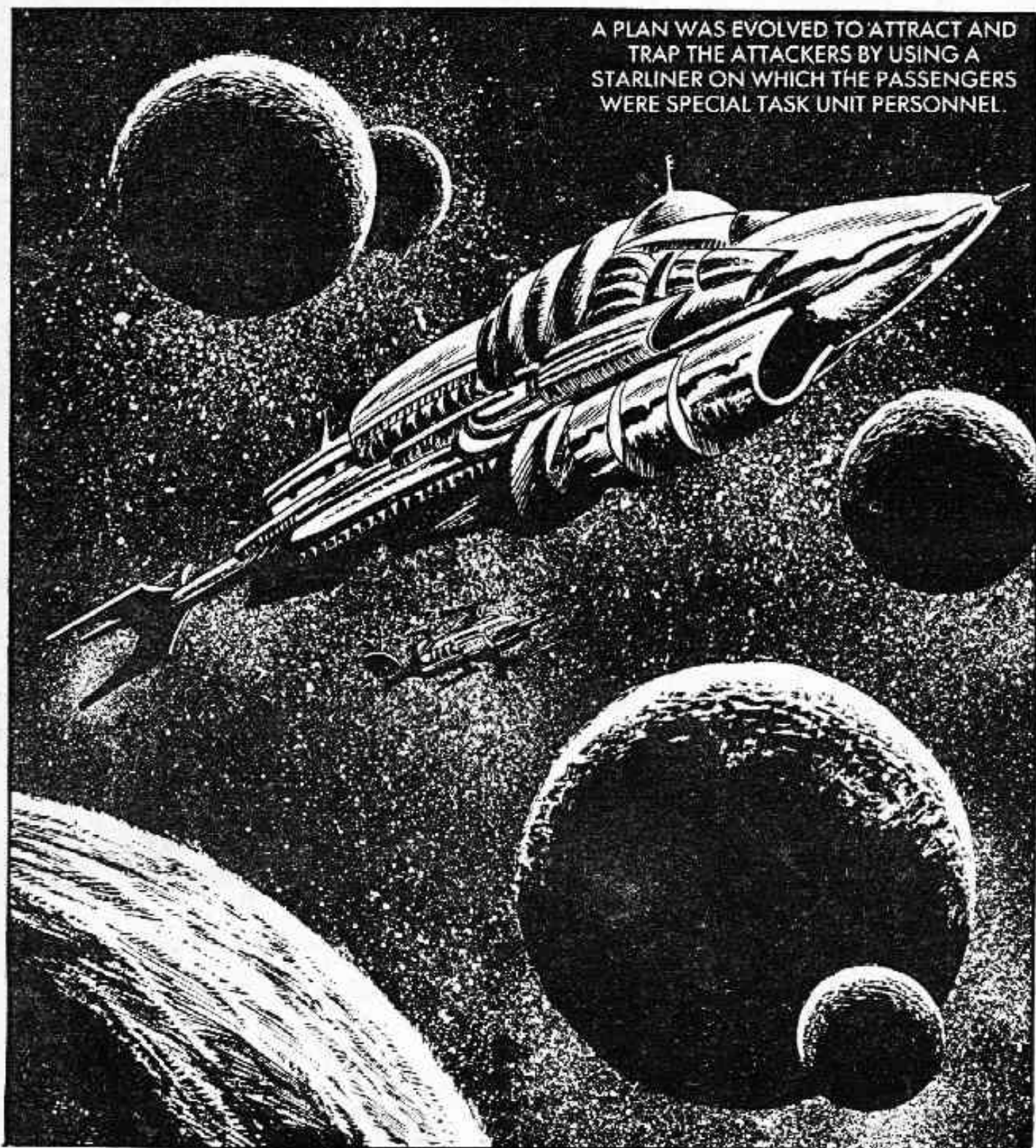
# WARWORLD

# STARBLAZER

STRANGE THINGS WERE HAPPENING IN FAR SPACE, AND EARTH SECURITY WAS WORRIED. FOR MONTHS STARLINERS AND SPACE FREIGHTERS HAD BEEN DISAPPEARING WITHOUT TRACE IN THE SCORPIO 8 SECTOR OUT ON THE GALACTIC RIM. THE TOTAL ABSENCE OF CLUES HAD THWARTED ALL INVESTIGATIONS. AT LAST THE SPECIAL TASK UNIT WAS CALLED IN. THEY REALISED THAT ALL ARMED SHIPS OF SPACE FLEET WERE LEFT UNHARMED — SO THEY DECIDED TO USE BAIT.

# WARWORLD

A PLAN WAS EVOLVED TO ATTRACT AND  
TRAP THE ATTACKERS BY USING A  
STARLINER ON WHICH THE PASSENGERS  
WERE SPECIAL TASK UNIT PERSONNEL.





LEADER OF THE S.T.U. FORCE WAS MAJOR COBB, A VETERAN OF THE PSYCHIC WARS, WHICH HAD TAKEN PLACE TEN YEARS EARLIER —




WHAT'S OUR PROGRESS STATUS, CAPTAIN?

WE'RE ABOUT TO ENTER THE DANGER AREA. I SUGGEST WE LOSE YOUR ESCORT SHIP NOW!

DO YOU COPY THAT, TASK UNIT?

ROGER! WE'RE DROPPING BACK TO THE LIMIT OF OUR SENSOR RANGE. WE'LL COME RUNNING THE MOMENT WE SEE YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.



WHAT DO I DO  
NOW, MAJOR COBB?

JUST CARRY ON AS IF THIS WERE A  
NORMAL TRIP. WE DON'T KNOW  
WHAT'S OUT THERE, BUT MY MEN  
ARE PREPARED FOR MOST THINGS.

IF WE'RE ATTACKED, WE'LL CONTAIN  
THE ATTACK UNTIL MY SHIP ARRIVES!

BUT FIFTY SPACIALS LATER COBB'S PLAN WENT BADLY WRONG WHEN THE STARLINER  
SUDDENLY LOST ALL SPEED AND POWER.

JUPE!  
STAND BY!






WE'VE A TOTAL WIPE-OUT ON ALL SENSORS AND POWER SYSTEMS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED!

WE'LL FIND OUT WHEN WE REACH THE AIRLOCKS!



THROUGH THE PORT OF AN AIRLOCK —

ALIEN CRAFT! THAT THING'S NOT FROM THIS GALAXY!



THEY'RE LOOKING FOR US. BLAST  
WHATEVER COMES OUT OF THOSE.

LOOK AT THOSE BULKHEADS CRUMBLING.  
TURN THOSE PHAZOOKAS ROUND!

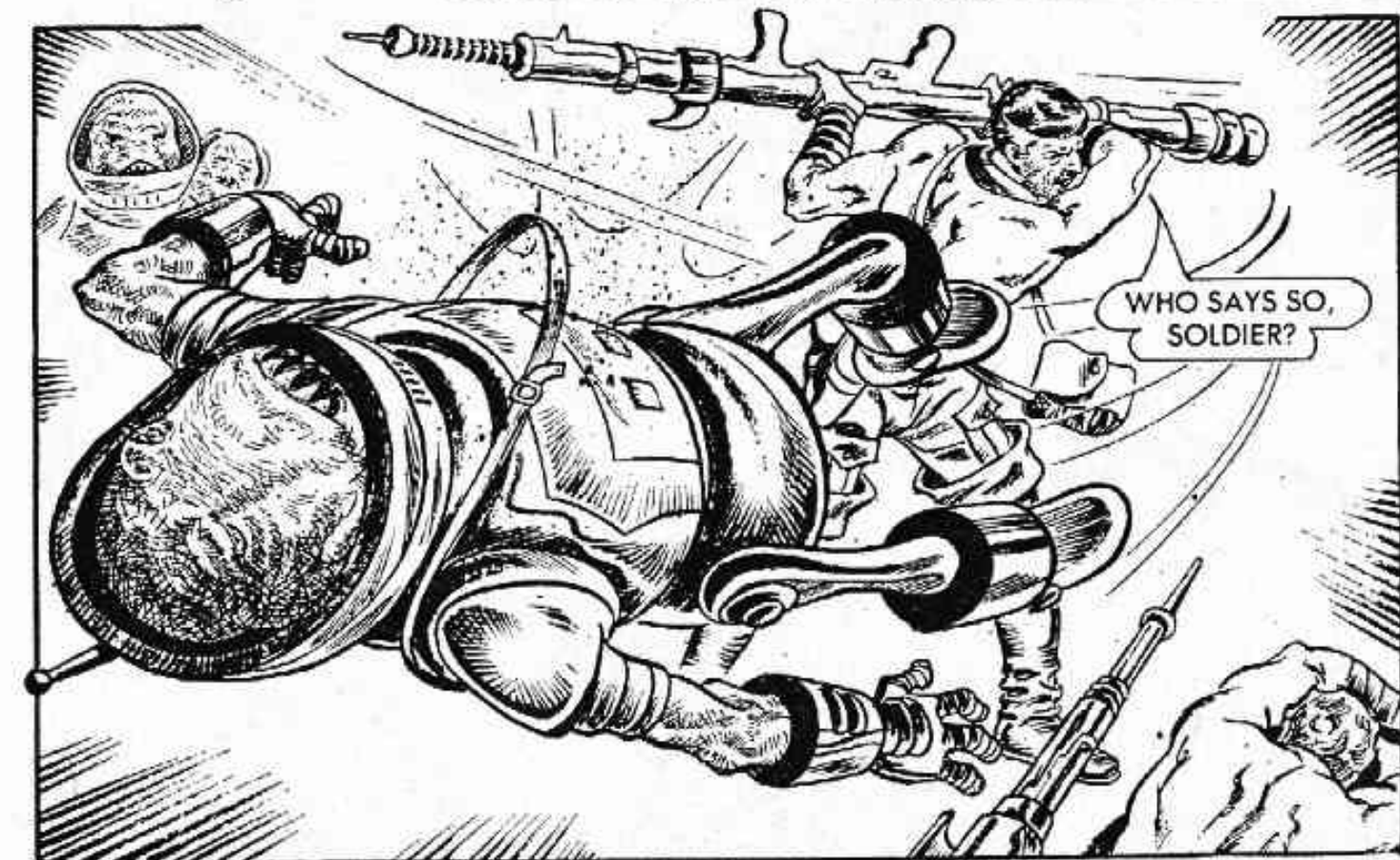
BUT THE ALIENS DOCKING TUBES PIERCED THE BULKHEADS —



ARMED ALIENS STORMED ABOARD —

THE WEAPONS WON'T WORK. THE  
POWER'S BEEN NEUTRALISED!

IT'S NO USE!  
WE'RE DEFENCELESS!





ALTHOUGH THEIR PHASERS WOULDN'T WORK, COBB'S DISTRESS FLARE CAUSED HAVOC —

YESSIR!

GET THOSE GUNS AND SMOKE THESE CREEPS!

WE'VE GOT TO BUY TIME UNTIL OUR TASK UNIT SHIP CAN GET HERE!

WE'LL NEVER DO IT, SIR! WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS.



ALL UNITS TO ABANDON SHIP AS FAST AS YOU CAN! GET YOUR HIDES OVER TO ALIENSVILLE. WE'RE ATTACKING!

WE'VE ALL THE ARMS WE NEED — IT'S JUST THAT THEY DON'T WORK ABOARD HERE! THEY'RE BEAMING THEIR ENERGY NEUTRALISER AT US. THEY'D WORK ON THE ALIEN SHIP, BECAUSE WE'D BE BEHIND THE BEAM!

THEY USED THE ALIENS' DOCKING TUBES TO GET ABOARD —

YOU'RE RIGHT! I'VE GOT MAXIMUM POWER!



THE TASK MEN USED THEIR OWN SPECIAL KEY TO OPEN THE INNER DOOR —



KEEP SHOOTING! KEEP THEM CONFUSED!  
HEAD FOR THE CONTROL ROOM! IT'S  
SOMEWHERE UP AHEAD. TAKE THAT AND  
WE TAKE CONTROL!



WITH MOST OF THE ALIEN TROOPERS STILL ON BOARD THE STARLINER, COBB'S MEN CARVED A ROUTE THROUGH THE SHIP.





THE NOW SUPERIOR FIRE-POWER OF THE S.T.U. WON THEM CONTROL OF THE ALIEN SHIP.

ON SCREEN WAS THE ESCORT SHIP

SIR! LOOK AT THE SCREEN!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL A WELCOME SIGHT. NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THESE VERMIN HAVE BEEN PLAYING AT!

BUT —

HELL'S NOVA!

A HUGE VESSEL RIPPLED INTO VIEW



WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! THAT MONSTER  
WAS WAITING FOR ANY POSSIBLE  
HELP!



ALTHOUGH OUR ESCORT IS FINISHED, IT WILL HAVE  
ALERTED ALL EARTH SHIPS IN ITS COMMUNICATION  
RANGE. THERE'S NO WAY THEY COULD GET HERE IN  
TIME, THOUGH.



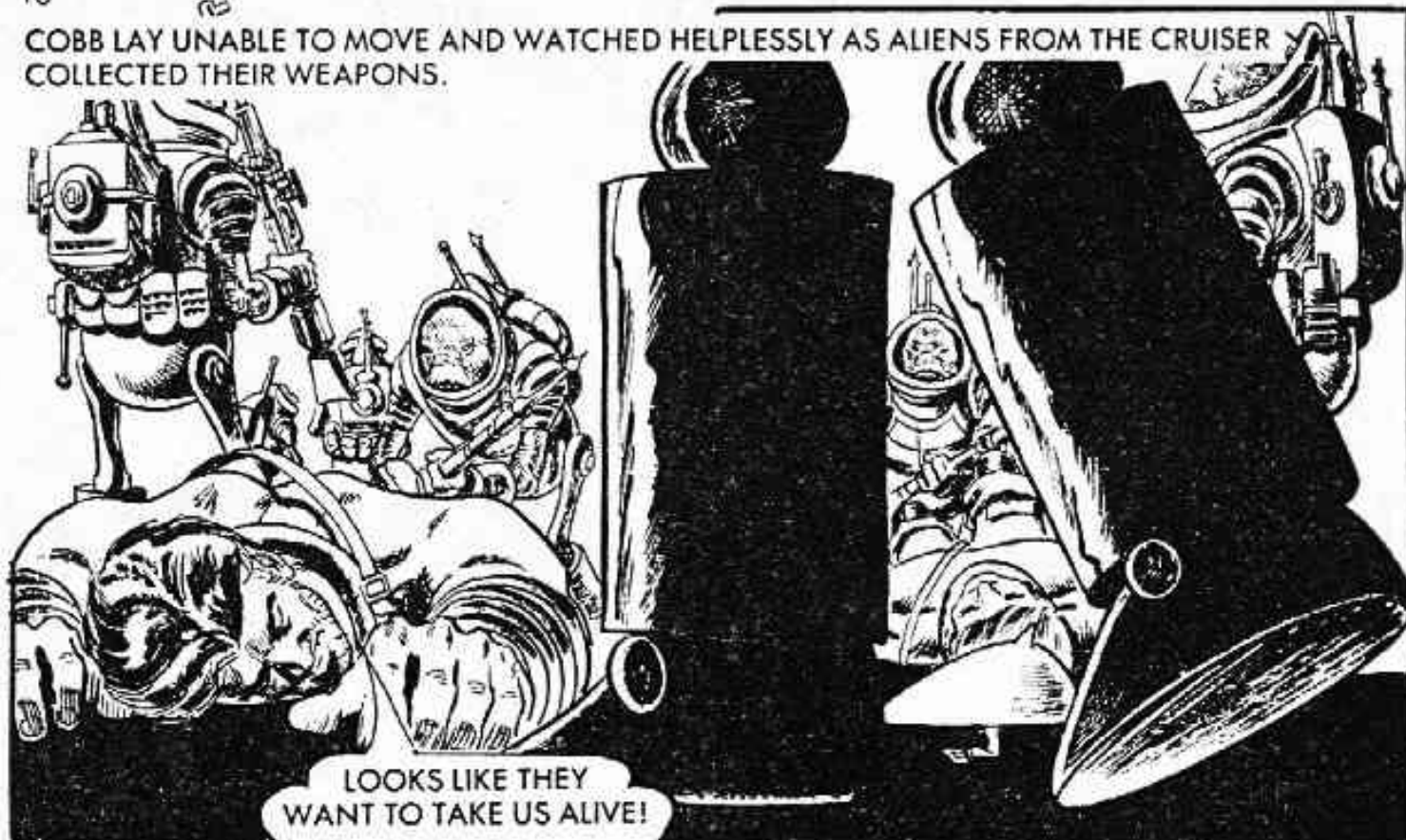
A BEAM OF VIBRATING LIGHT LANCED OUT FROM THE LARGE ALIEN CRUISER.

INSIDE THE STARLINE AND ALIEN ATTACK SHIP, FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE COLLAPSED TO THE FLOOR. THEY WERE IN THE GRIP OF A GRAVITY BEAM THAT INCREASED THEIR WEIGHT MANY TIMES.

I... I... CAN'T MOVE...  
BEING CRUSHED...

CAN'T BREATHE...

COBB LAY UNABLE TO MOVE AND WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS ALIENS FROM THE CRUISER COLLECTED THEIR WEAPONS.



LOOKS LIKE THEY  
WANT TO TAKE US ALIVE!

ONE BY ONE THE  
MEN RECOVERED—

THESE ARE INJURED TOO BADLY  
TO BE OF USE!




THEN KILL THEM!







THE ALIEN SPOKE INTO A SMALL VOICE TRANSLATOR.



I DEMAND TOTAL OBEDIENCE. THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING. IF ANYONE MOVES OUT OF LINE OR SPEAKS — THEN HE WILL DIE!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?



YOU WERE WARNED, FOOL!



ARRGH!

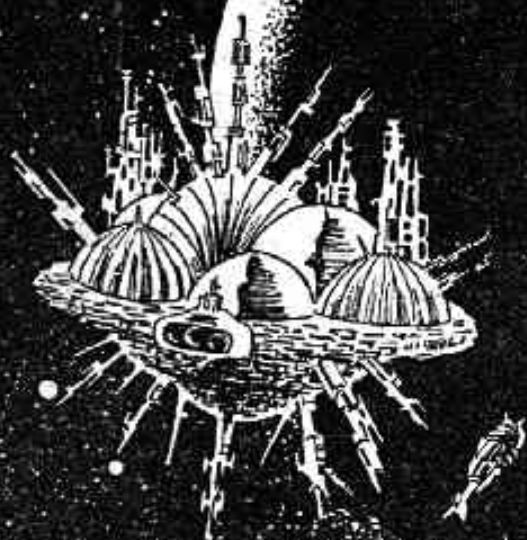
STEADY, MEN, THESE HELL-LICE WILL MASSACRE THE LOT OF US! STAY COOL, STAY ALIVE!



THEY'RE MOVING OUT AND BRINGING THE STARLINER WITH THEM. IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

YEAH! WE KNOW NOW WHO'S BEEN TAKING OUR SHIPS AND HOW — BUT WE STILL HAVE TO FIND OUT WHY!

2.7 UNITS LATER—



LOOKS LIKE WE'LL FIND OUT SOON, SIR!  
THERE'S A PLANET UP AHEAD!

THE CRUISER LEFT AND THEY CAME IN TO TOUCH DOWN BY A HUGE, IMMOBILISED CRAFT—





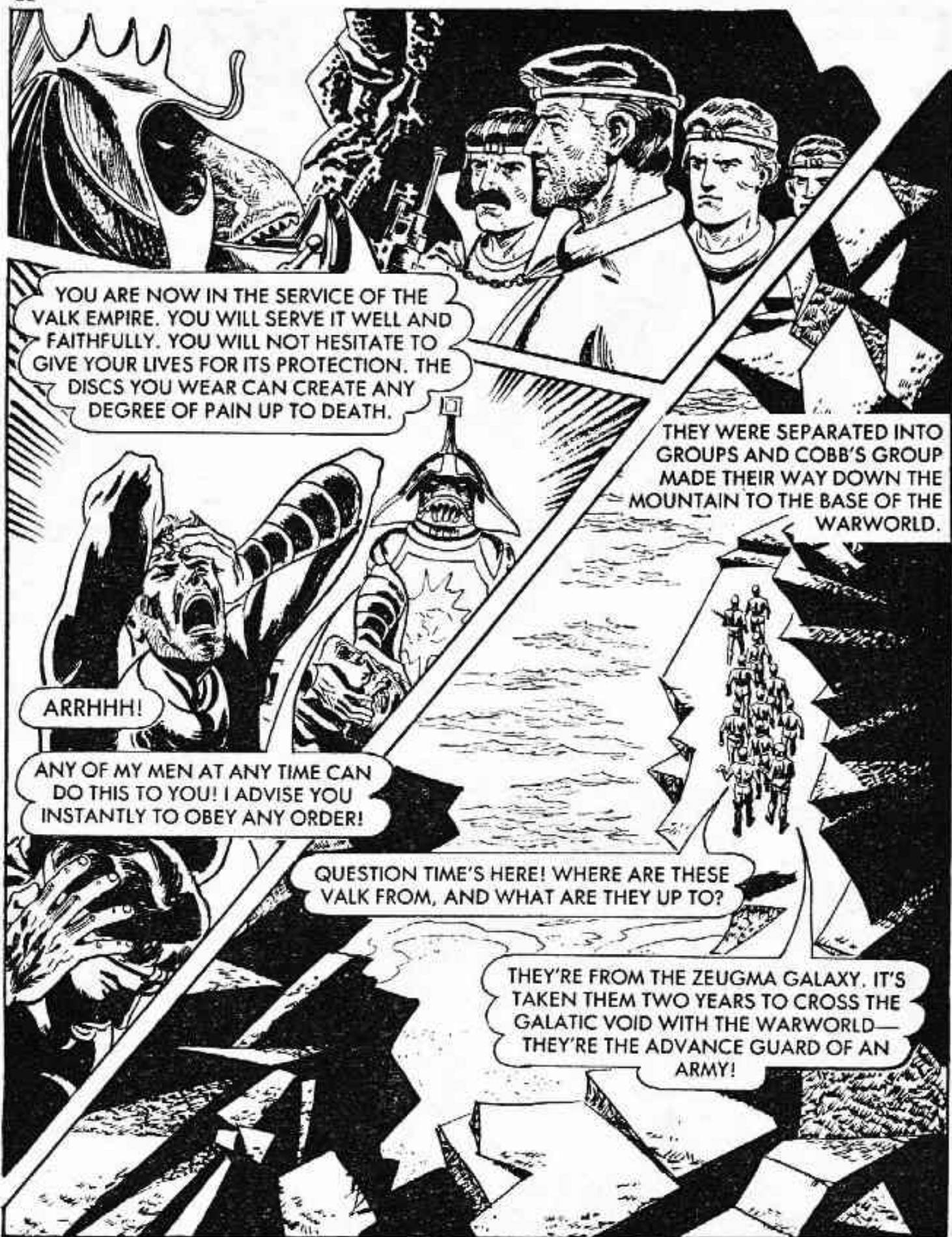
THE GUARDS WERE OF TERRAN ORIGIN—

THESE GUARDS MUST BE FROM  
THE OTHER HI-JACKED SHIPS!

INDEED WE ARE! SORRY ABOUT THIS,  
BUT WE'VE NO CHOICE!

THEY WERE TAKEN AWAY AND NARROW BANDS WERE STUCK TO THEIR FOREHEADS.

THIS WAY! THE COMMANDER'S GOT  
A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO YOU ALL!



YOU ARE NOW IN THE SERVICE OF THE VALK EMPIRE. YOU WILL SERVE IT WELL AND FAITHFULLY. YOU WILL NOT HESITATE TO GIVE YOUR LIVES FOR ITS PROTECTION. THE DISCS YOU WEAR CAN CREATE ANY DEGREE OF PAIN UP TO DEATH.

THEY WERE SEPARATED INTO GROUPS AND COBB'S GROUP MADE THEIR WAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TO THE BASE OF THE WARWORLD.

ARRHHH!

ANY OF MY MEN AT ANY TIME CAN DO THIS TO YOU! I ADVISE YOU INSTANTLY TO OBEY ANY ORDER!

QUESTION TIME'S HERE! WHERE ARE THESE VALK FROM, AND WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

THEY'RE FROM THE ZEUGMA GALAXY. IT'S TAKEN THEM TWO YEARS TO CROSS THE GALATIC VOID WITH THE WARWORLD—THEY'RE THE ADVANCE GUARD OF AN ARMY!



UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM THEY COLLIDED WITH A COMET.  
IT'S WRECKED HALF THE SHIP AND KILLED MOST OF THE VALK.  
THEY HAD TO MAKE AN EMERGENCY LANDING HERE, BUT  
NOW ALL THEIR SERVICABLE CRUISERS CAN'T GET OUT  
BECAUSE THEY'RE BELOW WATER LEVEL.

SO THEY'VE BEEN HI-JACKING  
EARTH SHIPS TO PROVIDE LABOUR?

AND SPARE PARTS! THE ENGINES ARE UNDER WATER AND IN  
A BAD SHAPE. THEY NEED THEM SO THEY CAN STRAIGHTEN  
THE WARWORLD AND RELEASE THEIR CRUISERS. THAT'S  
WHERE YOU COME IN! THEY'RE IN NEED OF PROFESSIONAL  
FIGHTERS!

AT THE WATER'S EDGE THEY KITTED THEMSELVES WITH UNDERWATER GEAR.

MOST OF THE WILDLIFE ON THIS PLANET'S EVOLVED UNDERWATER—AND BOY, IS IT WILD!

IT'S OUR JOB TO PROTECT THEM!











THEY HAD TO GET CLOSE TO THE JELLYFISH, BUT COBB GOT TOO CLOSE—

LOOK OUT, MAJOR.

LET GO,  
YOU BRUTE!

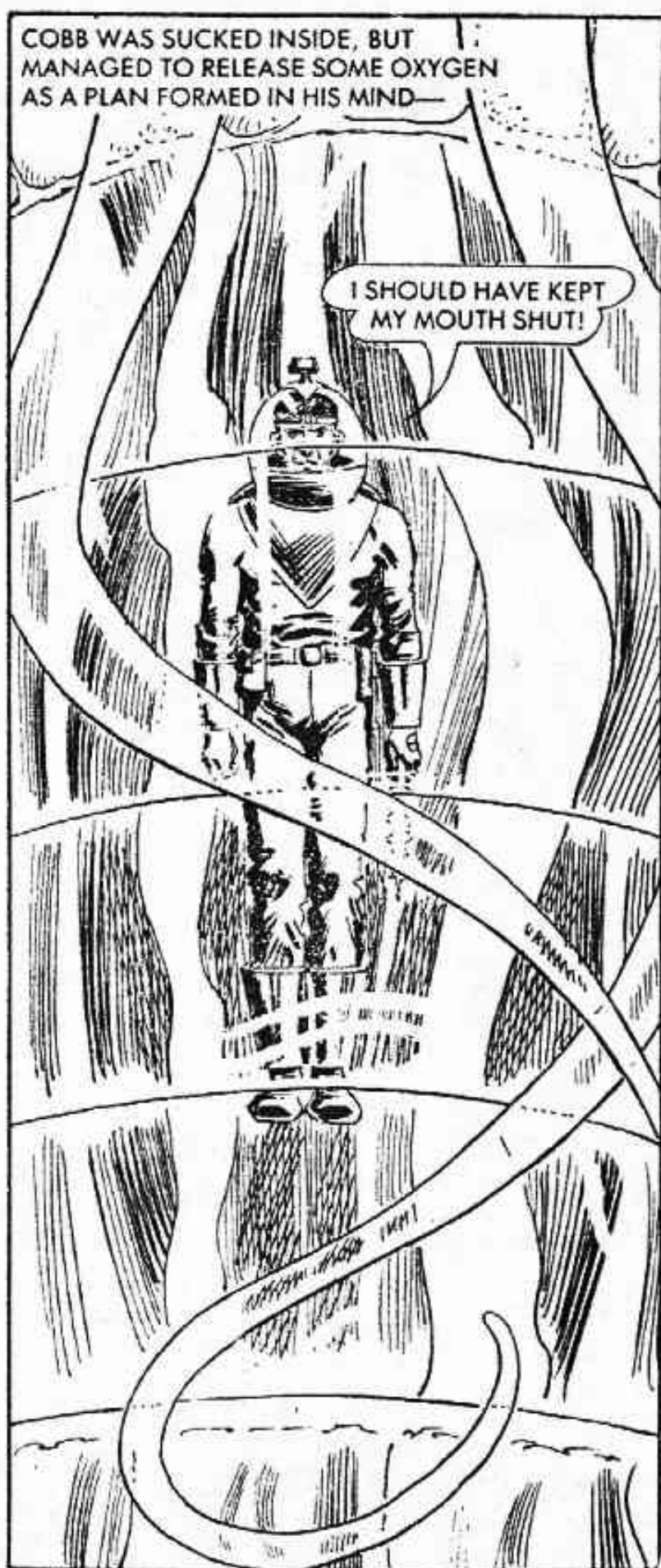
HE WAS RIGHT! THE BLASTS  
GO STRAIGHT THROUGH!

HAVE TO USE MY  
LASER KNIFE!





COBB WAS SUCKED INSIDE, BUT  
MANAGED TO RELEASE SOME OXYGEN  
AS A PLAN FORMED IN HIS MIND—





AS THE OXYGEN EXPANDED IT PULLED THE JELLYFISH TOWARDS THE SURFACE AT INCREASING SPEED.



IT SHOT FROM THE WATER ...

I CAN'T CUT FAST ENOUGH! I'LL HAVE TO  
MAKE SOME SPACE BEFORE IT MELTS ME  
AWAY!

COBB OPENED A VALVE IN HIS HELMET AND A DAY'S SUPPLY OF ATOMICALLY COMPRESSED  
OXYGEN GUSHED OUT TO FORM A GREAT BUBBLE—

THAT'S GIVEN ME  
SOME BREATHING SPACE!



... AND EXPLODED LIKE AN OVER-INFLATED BALLOON!



YOU OKAY, COBB?

I GUESS SO! AND YOU GOT THE  
JELLYFISH OUT OF HARM'S WAY!



BACK AT THE BASE—

LOOKS AS IF YOU'VE SEEN  
SEEN SOME ACTION TODAY!

DEAD RIGHT WE HAVE! WE'VE HAD ELVERS  
TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH TO THE HULL  
ALL DAY!

THE MUFFLED 'THUD' OF AN UNDERWATER EXPLOSION VIBRATED THROUGH THE AIR—

SOUNDS LIKE  
THEY'VE MADE IT!


EVERYONE GET OVER  
THERE AT ONCE!

RAPIDLY THEY HEADED DOWN—

THESE MEN HAVE BEEN BLOWN UP!  
I THOUGHT THIS PLANT WAS PRIMITIVE!

IT IS, BUT THERE'S A SPECIES OF EEL—THE  
ELVER WE CALL IT, THAT FEEDS ON LOW  
GRADE NUCLEAR FUEL. AND THAT'S WHAT  
WE USE IN UNDERWATER EXPLOSIVES.






IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE  
GOT INSIDE!

WE'LL HAVE TO GO  
AFTER THEM!

LOOK OUT—IT'S  
AN AMBUSH!







LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND  
A FIGHTER HANGAR!

SOMETHING'S MOVING  
OVER THERE!

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO?

IT'S ONE OF MY MEN!

KEEP QUIET! THERE ARE SCORES OF ELVERS  
IN THE REAR HANGAR LOOKING FOR  
EXPLOSIVES! TOO MANY TO FIGHT IN A  
CONFINED SPACE!

WE WAIT HERE AND AMBUSH  
THEM—THEY'LL HAVE TO COME  
BACK THIS WAY! IF WE LIE LOW IN  
THE WATER THEY WON'T SPOT US  
UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!








ARRGH!

THE EXPLOSIVE BURST OF FIRE INCINERATED A FIGHTER—



THE ENGINES HAVE FIRED!  
GET UNDERWATER—QUICK!

THE SPACERS DIVED BENEATH THE WATER WAS  
THE FIRE SPREAD TOWARDS THE HANGAR  
DOORS—



—AND THEY WERE JUST IN TIME.

A BRAIN-JELLING EXPLOSION RIPPED A HOLE TO THE SKY—







THAT GOT RID OF OUR  
LITTLE PROBLEM!

IT'S A BASIC LAYOUT. I RECKON  
I COULD FLY THIS THING!

DON'T BE STUPID! THE VALK  
WOULDN'T LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT!

HEY, LOOK AT THAT! THE EXPLOSION'S  
FREED ANOTHER FIGHTER AND CLEARED  
THE WAY FOR A SPACE-OUT!



IT'S WORTH A GAMBLE! THEY'VE ONLY GOT THE ONE CRUISER AND ESCORT SHIP AND SPACE IS A BIG PLACE! WE DON'T KNOW THE OPERATING RANGE OF THE DISCS, BUT IT CAN'T BE VERY GREAT!

LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT MAKE IT!

A PRISONER HAS EFFECTED AN ESCAPE IN A FIGHTER, SIR!

KILL HIM AND INSTRUCT THE FIGHTER TO RETURN ON AUTOPILOT!



THE FATAL SIGNAL WAS BEAMED,  
AND THE CRAFT RETURNED—



SLONE'S DEAD, BUT WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOMEHOW! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF CRUISERS STILL INTACT ON THE INWARD SIDE. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THEY CAN RAISE THE WARWORLD UP AND RELEASE THEM!

JUST HOW DO WE DO IT? THEY ONLY HAVE TO POINT A TORCH AND WE DO WHATEVER THEY WANT!

I GOT A LOAD OF THESE OUT OF A LINER. THEY'RE FULL OF COMA-GAS—WE COULD GAS THE VALK!

IT COULDN'T BE DONE, ASTIX! WE'D HAVE TO GAS THEM ALL AT THE SAME TIME!



COMA-GAS INDUCED A DEEP SLEEP SO THAT SPACE TRAVELLERS COULD SURVIVE BRIEF OXYGEN FAILURES.

WE COULD GAS OURSELVES! IF THE RINGS KILL BY INTENSE PAIN, THEN ANYONE UNDER COMA-GAS WOULDN'T FEEL A THING FROM THE DISCS!

I GET IT! YOU STEAL THE FIGHTER, LOCK THE CONTROLS AND SNIFF GAS BEFORE THE VALK CAN KILL YOU!

THE AUTO PILOT WOULD HAVE TO BE KNOCKED OUT, BUT I'LL MANAGE THAT. BY THE TIME I WAKE UP, I SHOULD BE 'WITHIN SENSOR RANGE OF THE EARTH FLEET.

NEXT DAY, COBB MADE A BREAK IN THE FIGHTER—

THE FOOLS DON'T LEARN! KILL THIS ONE NOW!

ON BOARD THE STOLEN CRAFT—

TIME FOR A SLEEP!

AT VALK CONTROL—

THE FIGHTER'S NOT  
RESPONDING, SIR!

CURSE! IT MUST  
HAVE BEEN DAMAGED!





HOURS LATER COBB RECOVERED  
CONSCIOUSNESS.

LOOKS AS IF I'M ALIVE. NOW  
LET'S SEE ABOUT FINDING SOME FRIENDS!



HE TRACKED DOWN AND HOMED  
IN ON THE SEARCHING EARTH  
FLEET.

MAJOR COBB, SPECIAL TASK UNIT 8,  
REQUESTING PERMISSION TO COME  
ABOARD!

YOU'VE GOT  
IT, SOLDIER!



COBB TOLD HIS STORY AND THEN HAD HIS SLAVE DISC SURGICALLY REMOVED.

CAN IT BE USED AGAIN, DOC?


OH, YES! IT WORKS BY PICKING UP A SORT OF RADIO WAVE. THE MOMENT YOU PUT IT BACK ON IT REACTIVATES ITS RECEIVER!

COBB'S INFORMATION WAS FED BACK TO EARTH—

I'VE JUST RECEIVED A TOTAL PRIORITY ORDER FROM EARTH TO GO IN AND ATOMISE THE WARWORLD.

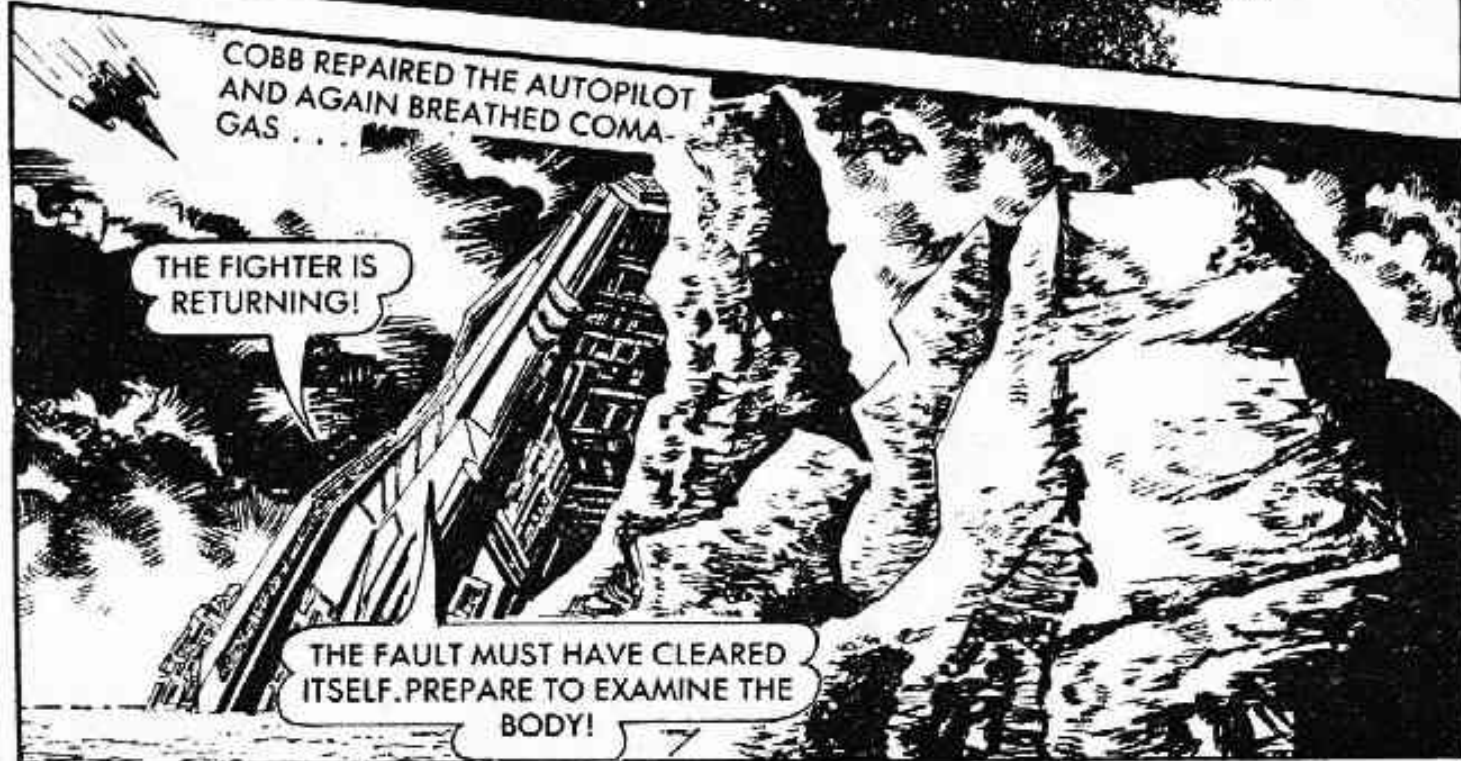
SIR, I'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO THE WARWORLD IN THE FIGHTER FIRST. THERE ARE SCORES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN HELD HOSTAGE IN THE CAVES. I THINK I COULD GET THEM TO SAFETY BEFORE YOU BLASTED THE WARWORLD!





WE CAN'T RISK THAT VALK FLEET GETTING CLEAR.  
YOU'VE GOT SIX HOURS THEN I'M COMING IN.

I UNDERSTAND THAT, SIR. I'LL WILLINGLY  
TAKE THE RISK OF DYING WITH THEM!



COBB REPAIRED THE AUTOPILOT  
AND AGAIN BREATHED COMA-  
GAS . . .

THE FIGHTER IS  
RETURNING!

THE FAULT MUST HAVE CLEARED  
ITSELF. PREPARE TO EXAMINE THE  
BODY!

## THE CRAFT LANDED—



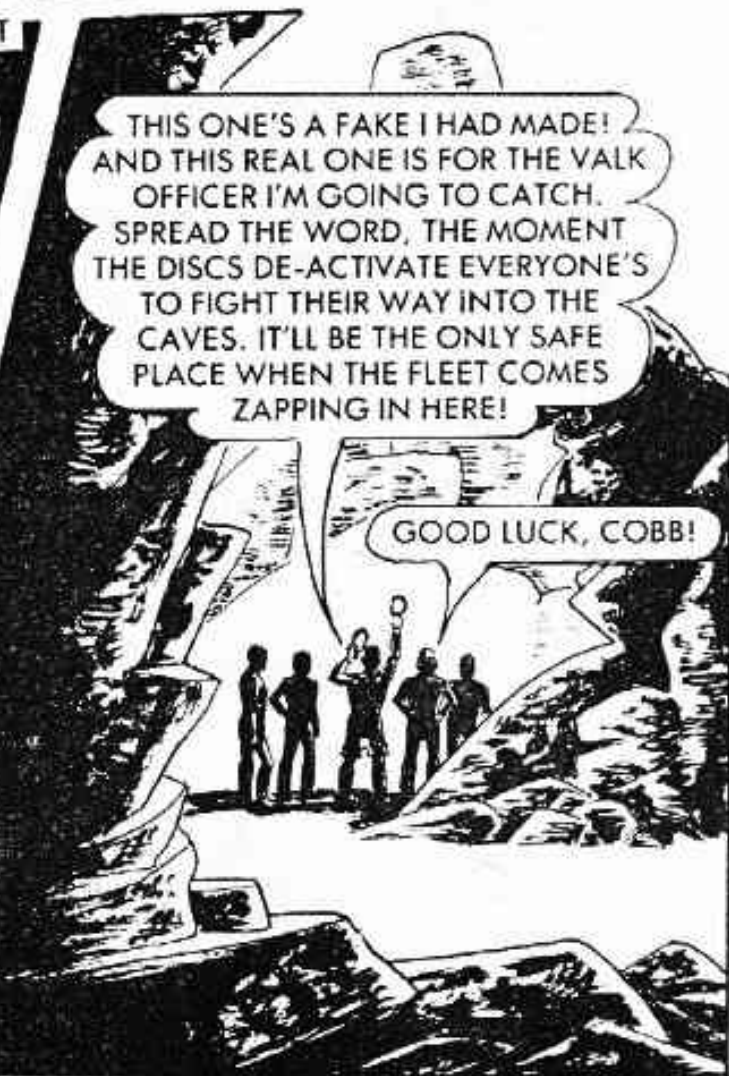
BUT COBB QUICKLY REVIVED TO THE AMAZEMENT OF HIS FRIENDS.



I'M GOING TO TRY AND DE-ACTIVATE THE DISCS. ON EARTH FLEET THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE POWERED FROM A CENTRAL TRANSMITTER WITH THE 'TORCHES' ACTING LIKE A VOLUME CONTROL!

THIS ONE'S A FAKE I HAD MADE! AND THIS REAL ONE IS FOR THE VALK OFFICER I'M GOING TO CATCH. SPREAD THE WORD, THE MOMENT THE DISCS DE-ACTIVATE EVERYONE'S TO FIGHT THEIR WAY INTO THE CAVES. IT'LL BE THE ONLY SAFE PLACE WHEN THE FLEET COMES ZAPPING IN HERE!

GOOD LUCK, COBB!





COBB SEARCHED UNTIL HE FOUND A VALK OFFICER BY HIMSELF.

EXCUSE ME, SIR! I  
HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU!

WE'LL GIVE IT TO ME!

WITH PLEASURE!



WHEN THE VALK RECOVERED THERE WAS A DISC ON HIS HEAD—

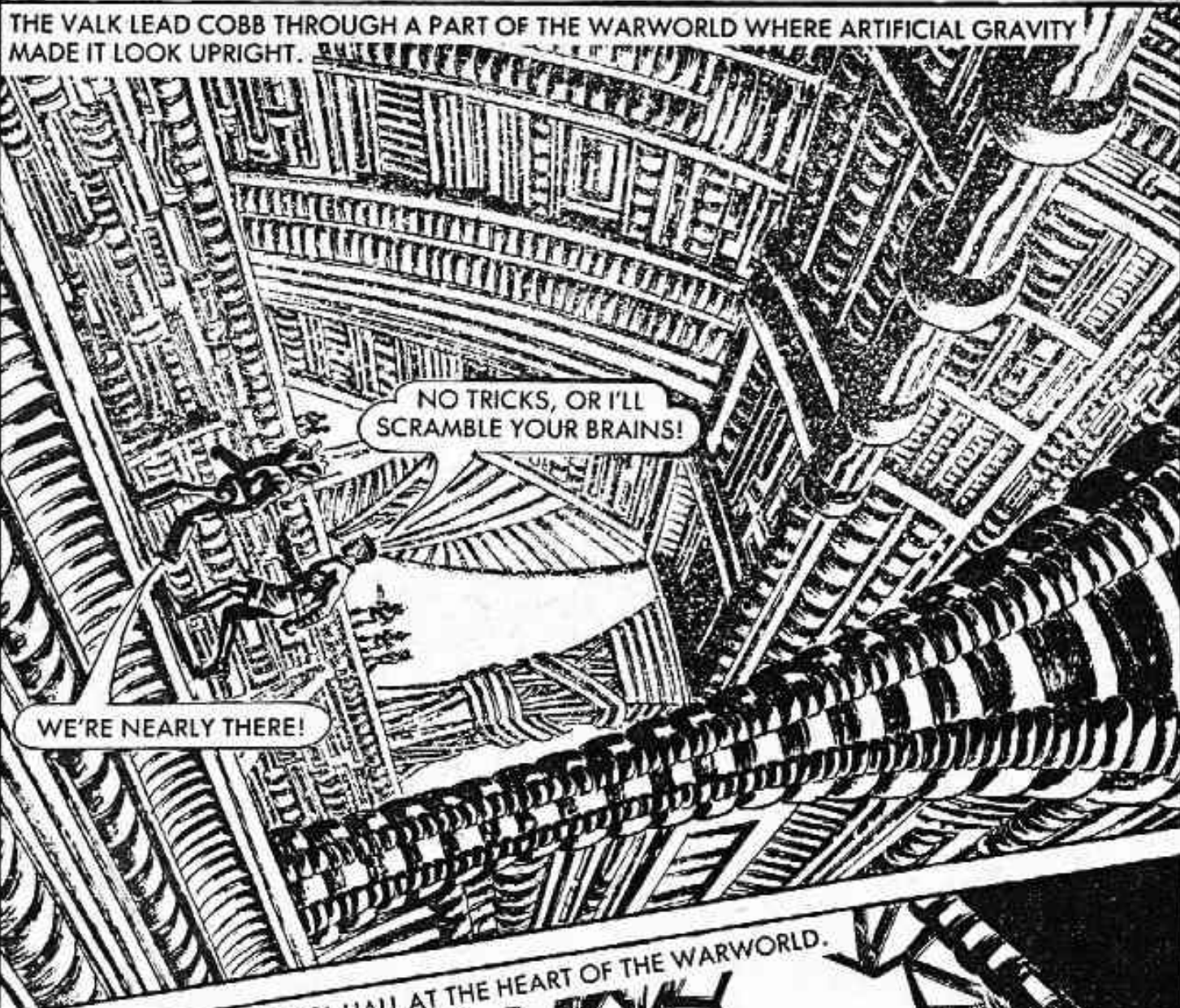
I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO THE TRANSMITTER THAT OPERATES THESE DISCS. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I POINT THIS AT YOU, DON'T YOU?

YES, YES!  
I'LL TAKE YOU!






THE VALK LEAD COBB THROUGH A PART OF THE WARWORLD WHERE ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY MADE IT LOOK UPRIGHT.



NO TRICKS, OR I'LL  
SCRAMBLE YOUR BRAINS!

WE'RE NEARLY THERE!

THEY ENTERED A CONTROL HALL AT THE HEART OF THE WARWORLD.



THAT'S WHAT  
YOU'RE AFTER!

YOU'D BETTER BE  
RIGHT, VERMIN!

WHAT'S THAT CREATURE DOING HERE? NO  
SLAVES ARE ALLOWED IN THIS AREA.

I WAS ORDERED TO BRING  
HIM, COMMANDER!

THE COMMANDER POINTED A TORCH AT COBB,  
BUT IT WAS THE VALK WHO SCREAMED IN  
AGONY—

WHO SENT YOU, SL...

I'M FROM VERMIN  
EXTERMINATORS!

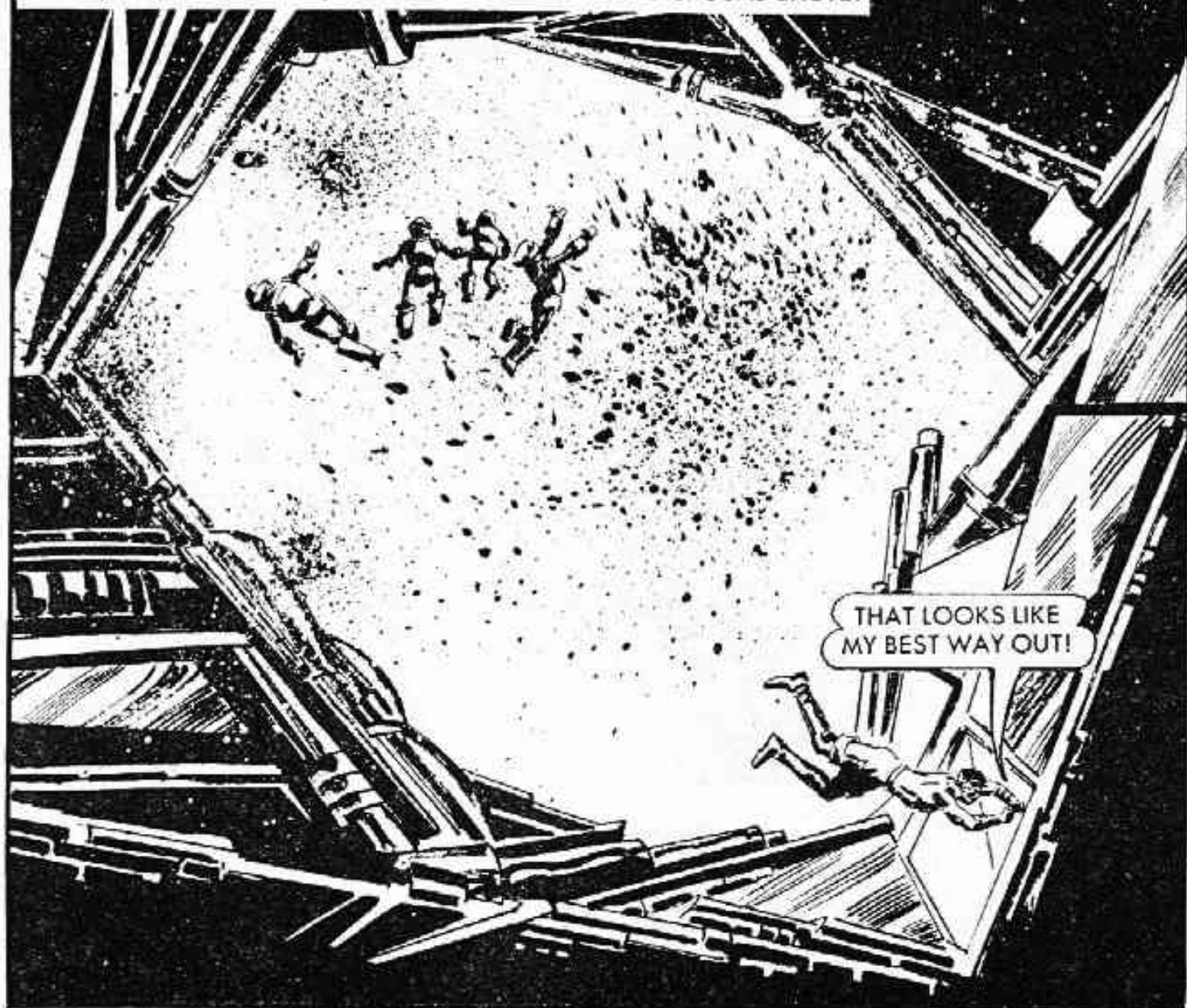





BEFORE THE VALK COULD REACT, COBB HAD HURLED A HAND-BOMB AT THE DISC TRANSMITTER—




AS THE BOMB EXPLODED, COBB DIVED TOWARDS A DISPOSAL CHUTE.





I MIGHT AS WELL HOLE UP FOR A WHILE!  
ALL HELL'S GOING TO BREAK LOOSE!



DISCOVERING THEY WERE FREE OF  
THE DISCS' POWER, THE EARTHMEN  
SOUGHT VENGEANCE—

SHOOT THE STINKING  
GROKKARDS!

YOU AIN'T GONNA  
TORTURE AGAIN!




EVERYWHERE, THEY BATTLED THEIR WAY OUT OF THE WARWORLD. THE OUTNUMBERED WALK REELED IN CONFUSION.



WITHDRAW TO THE  
MOUNTAIN CAVES!

THE LONG RANGE SENSORS ARE  
PICKING UP A FLEET OF SHIPS!


THEY CAN'T BE OUR INVASION ARMY —  
THEY'RE COMING FROM THE WRONG  
DIRECTION!



IF THEY DESTROY US HERE OUR ARMY WILL BE COMPLETELY  
DEFENCELESS WHEN IT ARRIVES!


TWO OF THE WARWORLD'S ENGINES ARE IN A  
WORKING STATUS. THEY CAN PROVIDE JUST  
ENOUGH POWER FOR US TO REACH PLANETARY  
ORBIT WHERE WE CAN LAUNCH OUR CRUISERS.

COBB HAD HEARD THE VALK—



OUR WARSHIPS WILL HAVE  
NO CHANCE AGAINST  
THOSE CRUISERS! I'LL HAVE  
TO TRY AND STOP THEM!

COBB SLID DOWN THE CHUTE UNTIL HE SPOTTED A WRECKED FIGHTER HANGAR.



SOMEONE ELSE HAS GOT IDEAS  
ABOUT TAKING A FIGHTER!





THE AIR SCREAMED AND THE SEA BOILED AS THE GREAT VESSEL FIRED ITS ENGINES AND STRUGGLED UPRIGHT.

IT'S WORKING!





FOOT BY FOOT THE WARWORLD PULLED ITSELF INTO THE SKY—

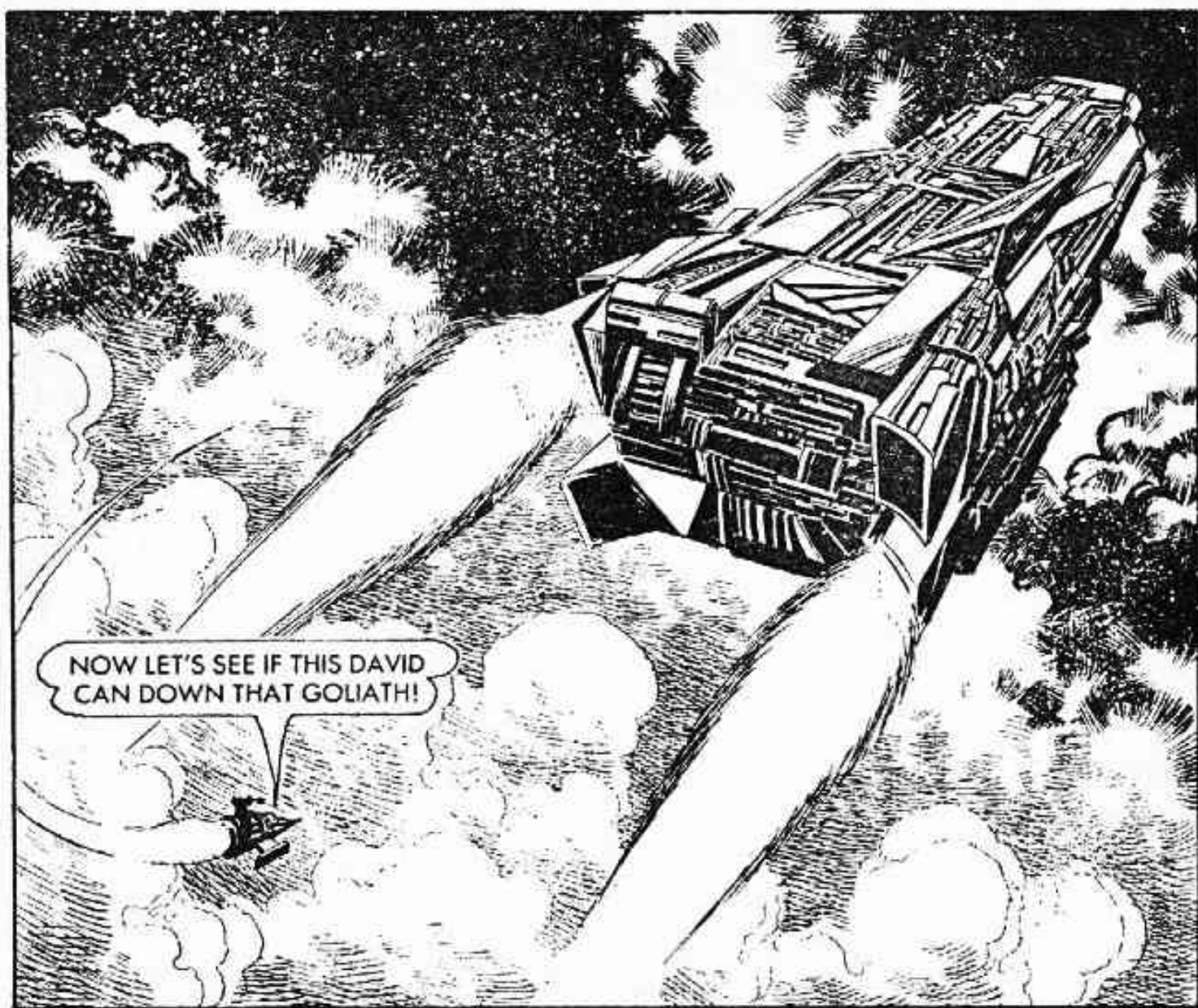
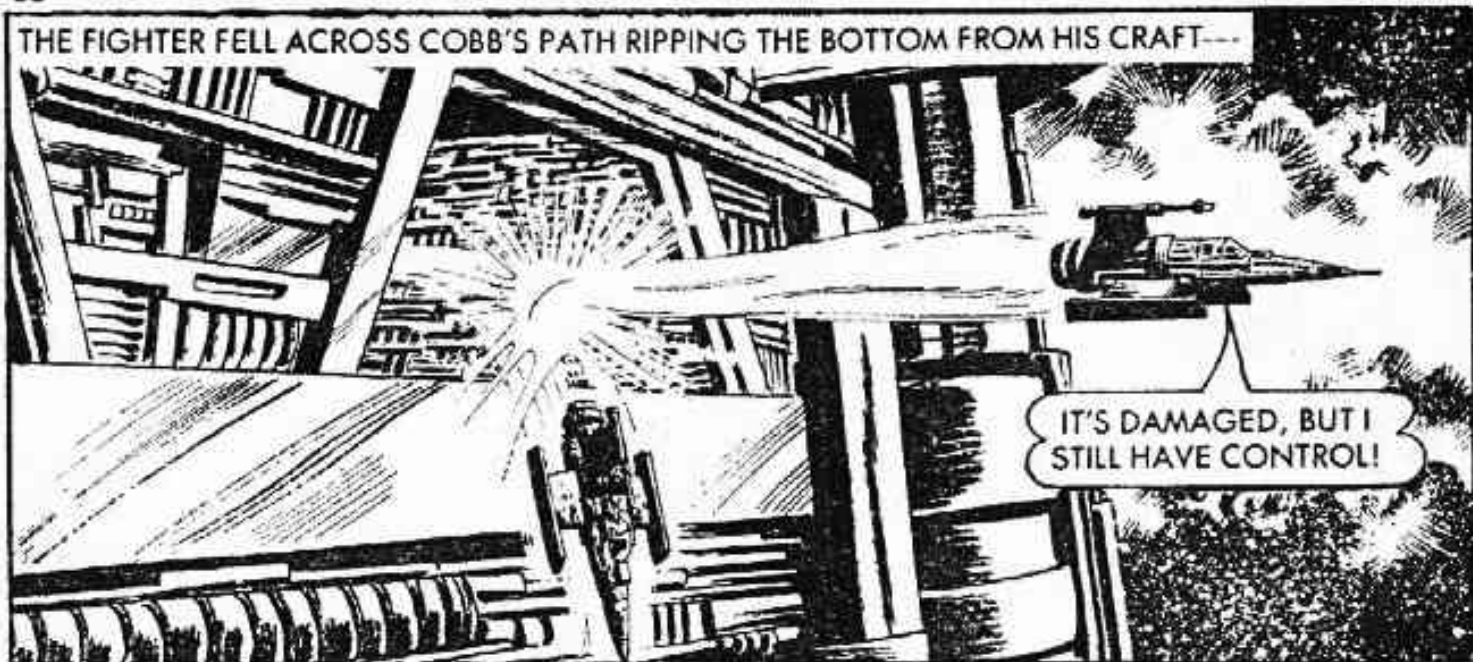
THEY'RE SUCCEEDING! NOTHING  
CAN STOP THEM NOW! WE'VE FAILED!

BUT COBB WAS WAITING FOR A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT—

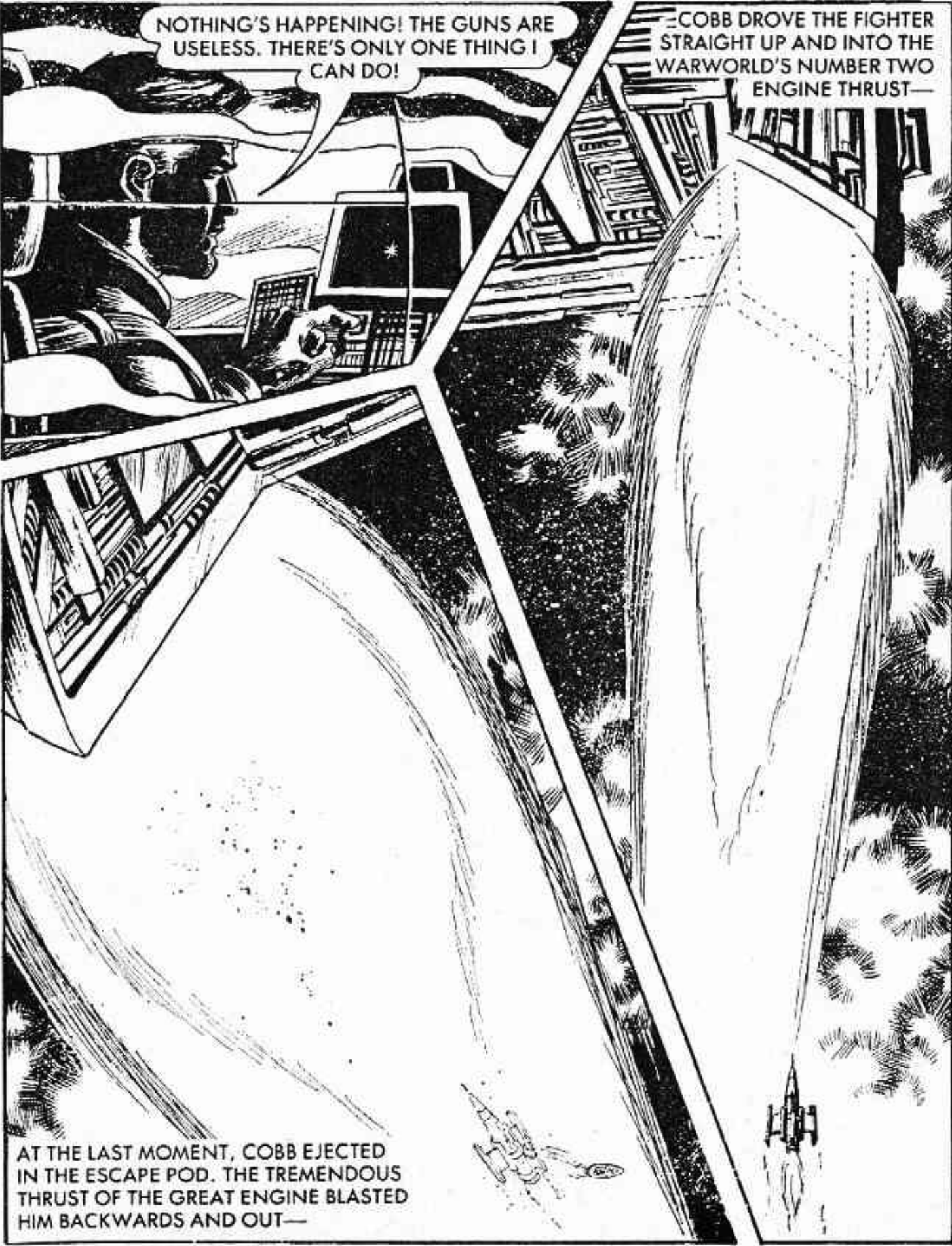
THERE'S DAYLIGHT! TIME TO GET OUT OF HERE!  
HELL'S FANGS! THAT FIGHTER'S FAILING!



THE FIGHTER FELL ACROSS COBB'S PATH RIPPING THE BOTTOM FROM HIS CRAFT---







NOTHING'S HAPPENING! THE GUNS ARE  
USELESS. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I  
CAN DO!

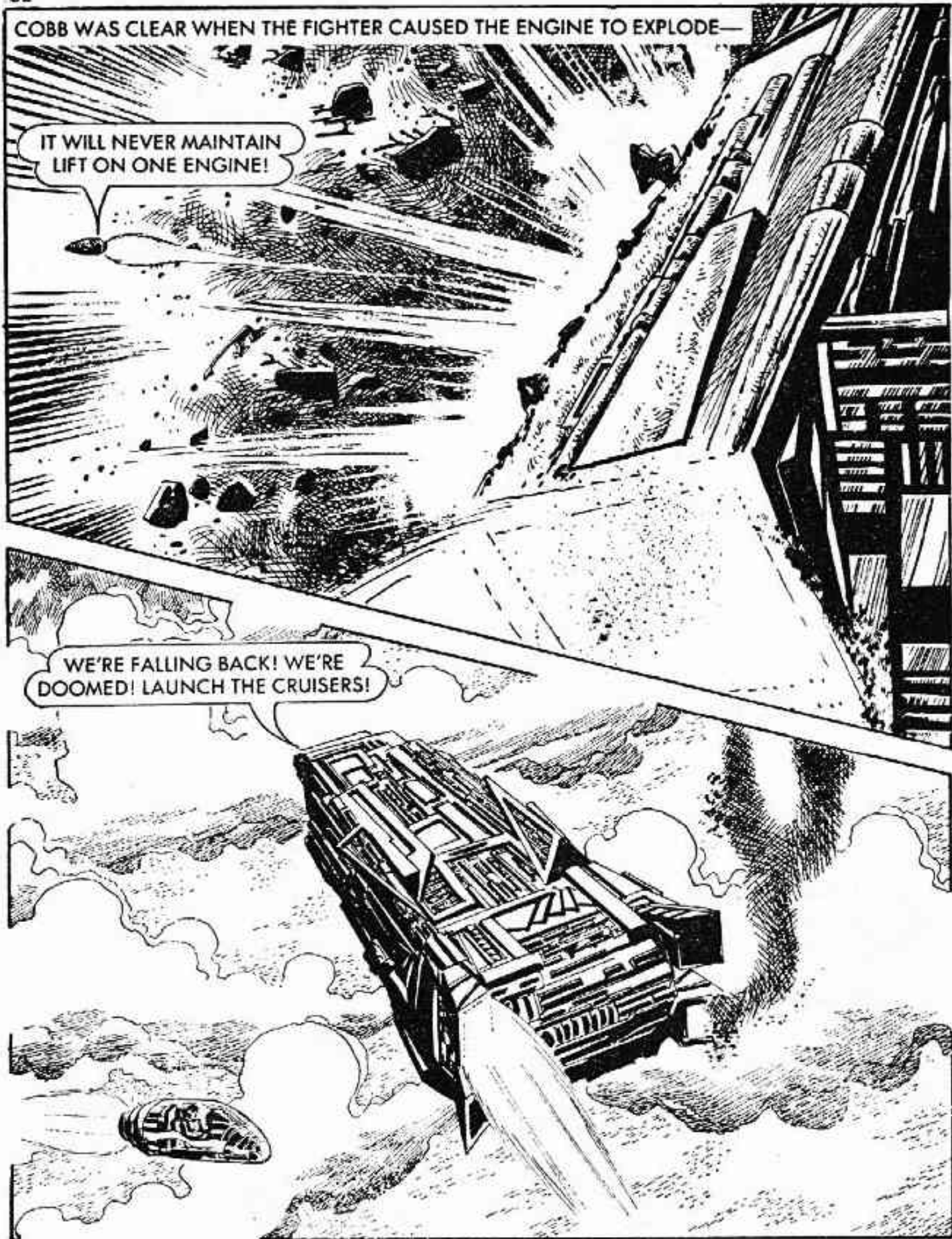
COBB DROVE THE FIGHTER  
STRAIGHT UP AND INTO THE  
WARWORLD'S NUMBER TWO  
ENGINE THRUST—

AT THE LAST MOMENT, COBB EJECTED  
IN THE ESCAPE POD. THE TREMENDOUS  
THRUST OF THE GREAT ENGINE BLASTED  
HIM BACKWARDS AND OUT—

COBB WAS CLEAR WHEN THE FIGHTER CAUSED THE ENGINE TO EXPLODE—

IT WILL NEVER MAINTAIN  
LIFT ON ONE ENGINE!

WE'RE FALLING BACK! WE'RE  
DOOMED! LAUNCH THE CRUISERS!





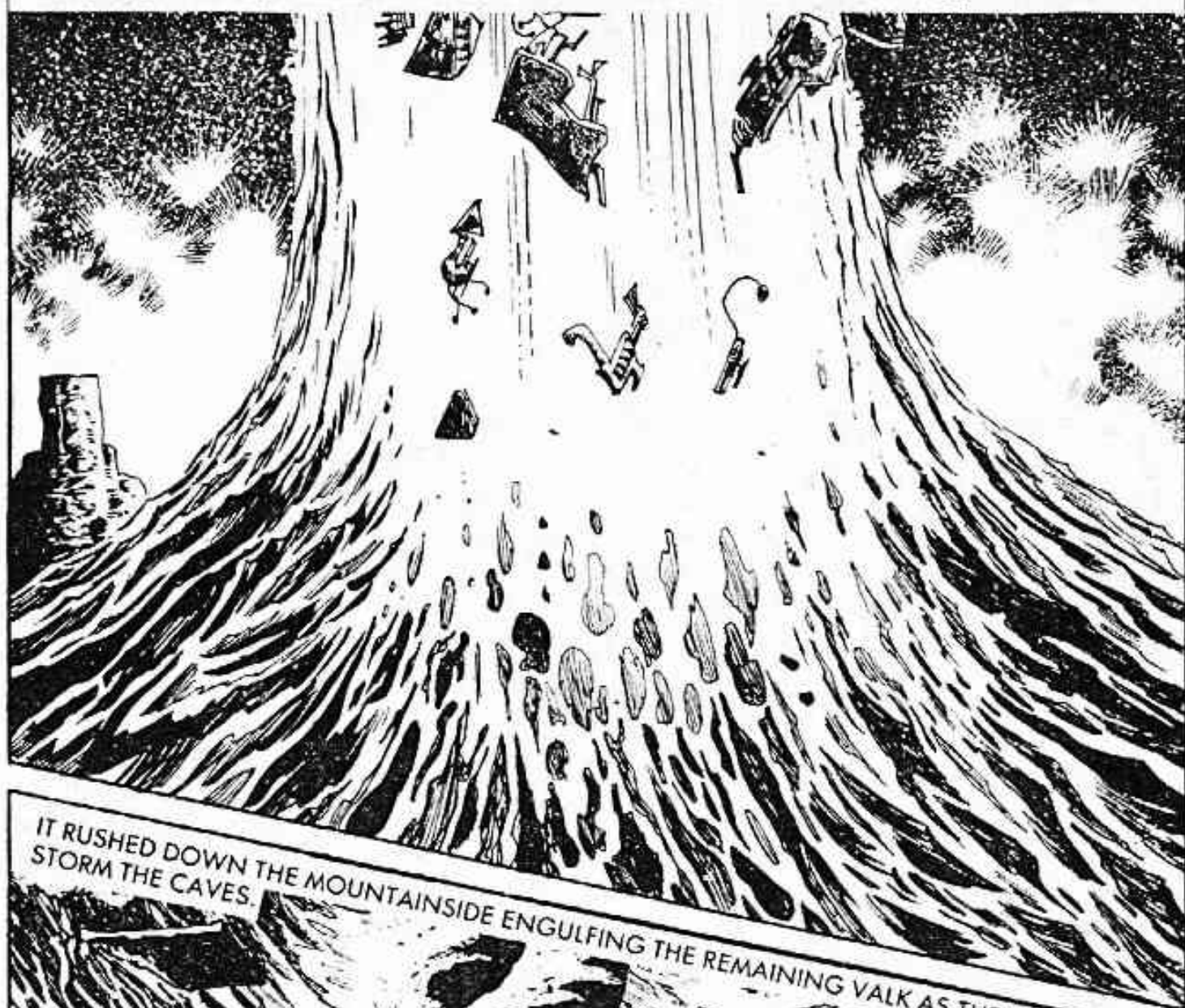
THE WARWORLD CRASHED INTO THE SEA—

THE VALK KNOW HOW  
TO MAKE A BIG SPLASH!

IT SANK SLOWLY INTO THE OCEAN DEPTHS.



MILLIONS OF TONS OF WATER ERUPTED INTO THE SKIES AS THE VESSEL FINALLY DESTROYED—

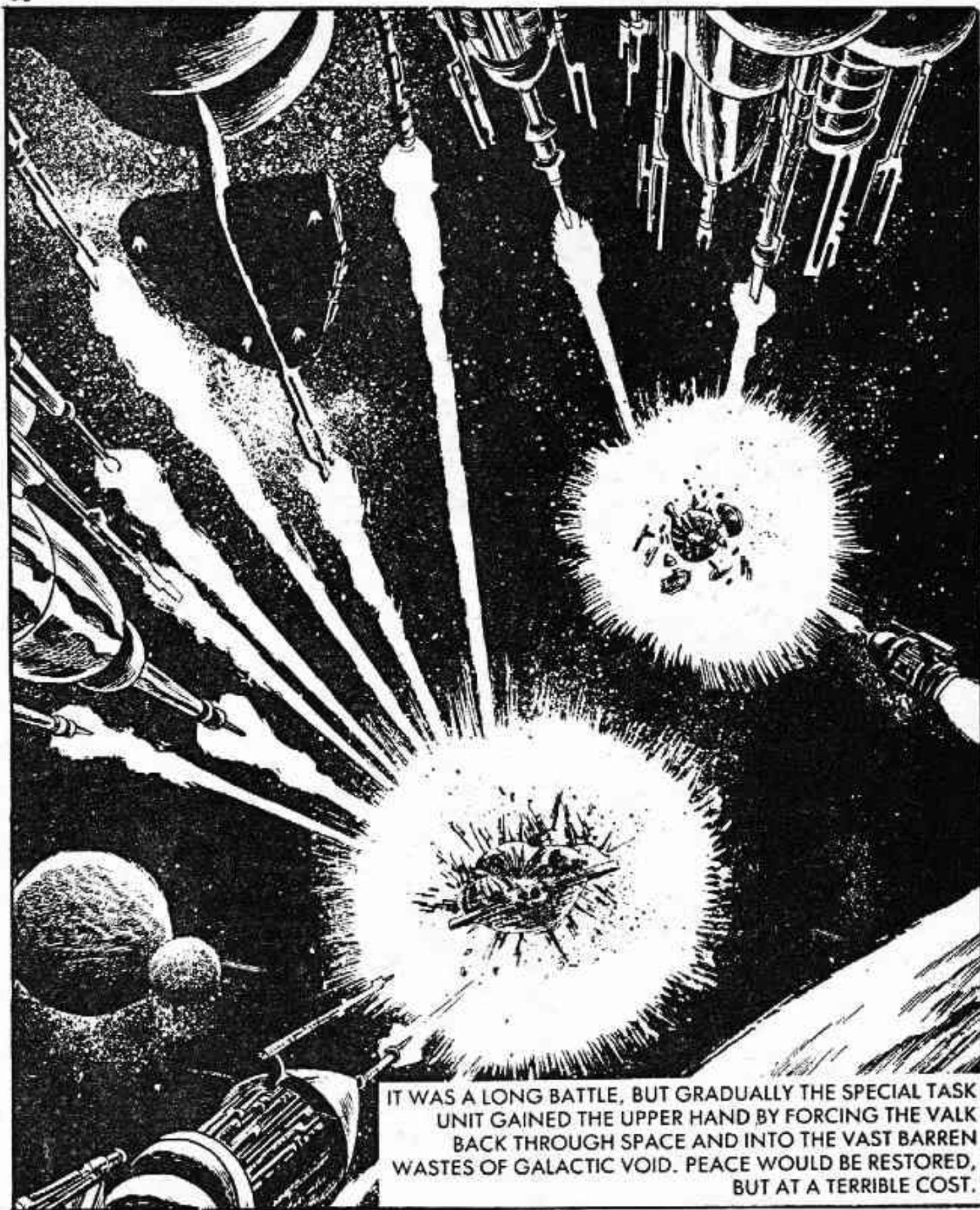


IT RUSHED DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE ENGULFING THE REMAINING VALK AS THEY TRIED TO STORM THE CAVES.









IT WAS A LONG BATTLE, BUT GRADUALLY THE SPECIAL TASK UNIT GAINED THE UPPER HAND BY FORCING THE VALK BACK THROUGH SPACE AND INTO THE VAST BARREN WASTES OF GALACTIC VOID. PEACE WOULD BE RESTORED, BUT AT A TERRIBLE COST.



*eldubya/todinepri*

**DON'T FORGET THIS  
MONTH'S *OTHER***

**STARBLAZER**

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 156

24p



MORE THAN A ROBOT! MORE THAN A KILLING MACHINE! IT WAS

**THE SYGMA WARRIOR**

...AND IT WAS MAD.

*Join our starblazers!*

**On sale at your newsagent's *NOW!***





# STARBLAZER'S

GUIDE TO THE SPACEMEN

89



***A Polish Lieutenant Colonel, Miroslaw Hermaszewski, 36, of the airforce left from a USSR base on June 27, 1978 and stayed aloft in Soyuz 30 for 22 hours 4 minutes.***